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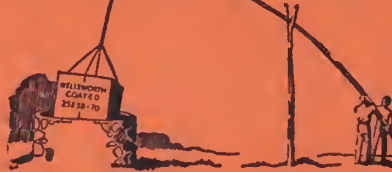
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to the needs of the paper and the merits of the
manuscript.



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Football Pictures Contributed by Globe and Post

MY VOYAGE FROM HONG KONG TO AMERICA

I.

Departure from Hong Kong

It was on an early morning at the beginning of Spring in 1939 that I left Hong Kong. Only a few pale stars and the dull glows from street lights were left in the gloom. Passengers depended on this light to guide them to the S.S. *Empress of Asia*, which was anchored at a pier. By the time most of the passengers had gone aboard, the stars and streetlights disappeared, only to find a bright sun in the east. In a while the unfriendly horn warned the farewell-wishers to leave the ship. It was hard to say goodbye to their families. There were others like me who wished that the ship would be moving, because this was their first time sailing to a foreign shore and the thrilling adventures which would come to them.

As soon as the second horn blew, I went up to the deck. The eyes of mothers, wives, and sweethearts were filled with tears as they held one end of the symbolic colored paper which was thrown to them by their son, husband, or sweetheart aboard the ship. (This symbolic paper means that though sailing for a foreign shore, hearts will never be separated.) Although tears rolled down their cheeks, they were happy because of the bright futures that their sons, husbands or sweethearts would have.

In no time the ship started to move, yard by yard, until the farewell-wishers faded from sight. We left the harbor and sailed up the coast, with only some sea-gulls greeting us as we passed by.

II.

The Rescue of a Fisherman

After a few days of smooth sailing, we were told that we should reach Shanghai within four or five hours, but night had already fallen. Suddenly we heard gunshots at a distance. The noise woke us up, and we felt that the ship and motor had stopped. We were all terribly frightened. We rushed up to the deck and heard the captain shouting orders. A lifeboat was lowered on the surface of the water. We thought that the ship was sinking. Searchlights at once swung into action. In this light I saw a figure like a drowned person floating on the water.

In the middle of the night the cold wind lashed against our faces as our watchful eyes were fixed upon the rescuing lifeboat. Nearer and nearer went the lifeboat, and soon the floating person was saved by our crew. As soon as the little lifeboat came beside the ship, the captain gave the order to let ropes down and hoist the lifeboat, as translated to us by a Chinese who could speak and interpret English. Inch by inch the lifeboat was lifted out of the deep blue water. When it came half way up, the ropes snapped without any warning. For a moment the passengers stood aghast and looked at each other as though they were frozen. Every pair of lips seemed to say "They musn't fail now."

It was lucky for them that the lifeboat didn't capsize. Men frantically replaced the broken ropes. This time they succeeded in hoisting the lifeboat. The ship's doctor immediately gave the exhausted man first aid. For an hour the man remained unconscious. When he regained consciousness, he sobbed and sobbed piteously. He tried to jump

overboard, but some passengers grabbed him just in time. The captain told an interpreter to ask him how and why he was found drifting in the sea. The man refused to answer. "What is troubling you that you have to drown yourself? Tell your own story; perhaps the captain can help you."

He began his story this way: "I am a fisherman. I have a wife and four children. Although we lived on a little fishing-boat my family was happy. After the war had started, we frequently heard about Japanese planes attacking fishing boats. We undertook this danger and went out to sea to continue our industry for our living. Today we were spotted by an enemy plane. The pilot dove down and strafed us mercilessly. He didn't leave until my wife and children were all killed and the boat was sinking. I escaped without being injured, but what good is life to me! What has life for me without my wife, my children, and my fishing boat!"

After he had finished his story, the listeners all had pity upon him. "If you die now," said the interpreter, "when China wins this war, you won't be able to see your family revenged. Live on now and fight for what you believe in." This gave the man a new hope. The next day had just dawned when we reached Shanghai. The captain sent the fisherman to the helpful Red Cross. That is in Shanghai.

III.

The Scenery of Shanghai

Not until noon did our ship start to move again. I was on deck then, to see what was once the beautiful city of Shanghai, now left in ruins and ashes. This was one of the devastations of war. Here had been destroyed what civilization had built.

As we passed by, I saw the strange

and beautiful scene of the Yangtze River and the Yun River, a tributary of the Kwong River. Part of the water was muddy-colored; the rest was clear. This part was so clear that I could see myself reflected in one of the beautiful scenes that nature has given to Shanghai.

IV.

Arrival at Yokohama

As our ship left Shanghai, I could still see the once great city of China in the distance, but soon it disappeared from view. Our second stop was Yokohama. When we reached Yokohama, we had to line up and let a Japanese doctor examine us. I can still remember when I bought my ticket for the voyage I had to pay ten dollars extra for the Japanese doctor to examine me. Before the war they never charged extra money, but now they have figured this way to get money for their war expenses. After the doctor left the ship, a man told me that before the war there used to be some traveling guides and took him up to Tokyo, but now that was changed. All I could see were Japanese laborers hoisting scrap iron and oil from ship to trucks as fast as they could. Rows of factories sent out huge clouds of smoke in the making of war materials and machinery. Shipyards were busy as beavers in building warships. Now I know what they were up to. They were preparing hastily to make war on the United States and Great Britain.

V.

Safe in the United States of America

Our ship left Yokohama and headed for the land of the free. What I had hoped for when I was a small child was coming true. That was to be in America. Nearing the harbor of Vancouver, British Columbia, I was excited and breathless when I saw America with its skyscrapers and its modern ways of living.

THOMAS HOR, '49

HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT

"... and unless the saboteur is surrendered before midnight tomorrow, two hundred hostages will be shot.

Von Gasse,
Oberst"

The terror-stricken people of the village read the blunt notice that frosty winter morning. The day would come soon, each one hoped, when "they" would come across the channel and free the land from this nightmare.

Pierre Frémont sat brooding in his small jewelry store that night. Outside, it was bitter cold; however, despite the lack of fuel, he was warm, for he was bundled in most of his clothes. He had his favorite pipe in his mouth; but his tobacco ration, so meagre, was long used up. Yes, he was sitting and thinking . . . thinking.

"What makes the Germans so bloodthirsty, so ferocious that they do such things? In the last war, oui, they were sometimes cruel; but we had a little respect for each other. I remember how overjoyed we were when a Hun airplane dropped us a personal note from Jean. And that prisoner from Cologne—it was Louis Du Clerc who saved him."

His mind drifted back through the years. It was a different Pierre that wore the crisp new uniform of his country more than twenty-five years ago. It was a younger Pierre, sturdy and proud. His first day in uniform found him trembling as if the glory of France depended on him. But military life was not glorious as he learned.

He was stationed at Amiens, "bloody ground," as it was called. The constant attacking, the incessant shelling, the mud, the cold,—these were enough to drive a man mad. One often wondered if mankind were mad to permit this mass murder to go on.

Pierre shuddered to learn that he was on sentry duty. This assignment required constant alertness, and the nights were long and cold.

"For the glory of France," he muttered as he paced off the hours that night. The air, though cold, was sharp and clear—a good night for hunting. After the first few hours Pierre felt better. From his position he could see clear across the level expanse, almost to the enemy outposts.

But a sentry is lonely, and his thoughts turned to home. He pictured his dear Jeanne, bride-to-be; his proud parents—smiling mother and proud graying father. How long since he had last seen them. . . . In two weeks it would be Christmas . . . to be home for Christmas—that would indeed be a Heavenly miracle!

Suddenly something snapped him out of his world of dreams. He squinted, trying to pierce the darkness. A shadowy form—ah, yes, now he could see—a man, a German. Instantly he had him in the sights of his rifle. But Pierre, who had killed many Germans, hesitated. He hesitated . . . trembled . . . he could not seem to press the trigger. An emotion stronger than hate stirred within him.

"Surely this man has loved ones at home—a mother, perhaps a wife, and children. Maybe his thoughts are of home as mine are. This will be my Christmas gift to him."

The decision was made. A moment later the man was gone. . . . Pierre had forgotten the incident. But what would he have said if, more than twenty-five years later, he could have read the official German report for that very night as submitted by the commander of that sector? In an inconspicuous paragraph,

he would have found the following:

"During the night one scouting party was sent out. Of this party only one

man managed to return—the officer in charge, Unterleutnant Von Gasse."

HAROLD W. SEIFER, '44

THREE STOREYS HIGH

I suppose you would call it imposing, for it is faced with red brick; that is, in front. As for the back, that is a dingy gray. No one but the most curious observer would notice what goes on behind these walls. I myself don't live there, but have had occasions to visit.

Walking through one of the four main doors, depending on whom or what you want to see, you are likely to see a janitor or custodian, as you like, swabbing down the steps, a depressing job at best, as many people find it necessary to traverse these stairways while they are still wet.

Behind the first set of heavy wood and glass doors, is arranged, in orderly fashion, a row of mail boxes with a completely cosmopolitan list of names and room numbers. There is no elevator; so, you open another door, not quite as heavy as the first; but still . . . Then begins the climb: first, second, and third floors—each boasting a large glass chandelier, many parts of which are yet to be replaced.

Considering the thinness of the apartment door you marvel at the absence of sound, but maybe that is because my visits have been confined to the early hours of the morning. In company with each door you invariably see a few quarts of milk, nearly always one or two, for the simple reason that there are a few children. Often it was my humble duty to supply the daily paper.

On numerous occasions I have been in

time to see the occupants of this illustrious building come out, bedraggled, with an assortment of clothes over their arm, retrieve their few essentials, and "beat a hasty retreat." Sometimes I have been embarrassed at the state of dress or undress of these people.

My lonely travel through the corridors often brings a cry from one of the younger occupants who, I believe, have very sharp ears. Later on I've seen these inhabitants come out and I see the children of many nationalities, quite common experience, I suppose, in an apartment house. Sometimes I aim to dress like them, to act like them, to speak like them, and yes, sometimes I hope to look like them—but that is only my vain wish.

One man, Reilly by name, often stops to buy a paper. He is a burly man, with iron grey hair and often a wild look in his eyes. Another one of my customers is entirely different. He is young and apparently tamed; not that he looks it, but in his voice and the steady glint in his blue-grey eyes make me think so. True, I also have Italians, Swedes, and Jews among my customers, and all of them have their own personal characters.

That little world, behind the imposing red-brick wall of the "palace," full of secret anxieties and pleasures, can give anyone as fair and as complete a picture of life—hilarious and serious—as it has given to me.

R. E. FENNESSEY, '45

ON CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION

The very first inkling that I had finally begun to grow up was indicated by my father. The other day he nonchalantly inquired if I had any plans for the future. For a minute that simple query nearly set me on the back of my lap. Suddenly I realized that I was a Latin School senior and that Dad was thinking about shipping me off to college.

Truly I hadn't the slightest idea what occupation I'd care to follow, probably because I'd been too busy having a good time to give it much thought. The idea of leaving my cozy room, Mom's delicious cookery, and my gasless car, gave me a severe jolt. However, I couldn't very well stand in front of Dad with my bare face exposed and say I hadn't any idea about the future. I had to think fast. What should I like to be? A street-car conductor! Think of all the car checks I'd collect—and I could resell them for four cents each. No, that'd never do. I'd never become a millionaire that way. . . . How about a pretzel-bender. My girl just loves pretzels. And they're cheap, too. No, Dad doesn't like anything that has the word "bender" in it. . . . Maybe I could be like Frank Sinatra! Sure, why not? I could have thousands of women swooning all over the place. Yeah, but whoever heard of a crooner's becoming President? . . . Well, I had to admit I didn't know what to do before entering the White House.

Together we explored various fields. Dad reviewed the opportunities in the business world for a bright, hard-working young man. Then he took a quick

look at me and promptly went on to something else. . . . Next we spoke of medicine. This suggestion wasn't hard to eliminate. I merely pointed out the ten years' preparation (college, graduate school, and internship) required to place an M.D. after my name, besides the fact that I'd probably be forty before I could establish a practice. Dad closed his eyes for a moment, visualized supporting my wife and family, and let it go at that. . . . What did I think of a career in engineering? He quickly apologized when I reminded him of my math. mark. . . . How about teaching? Now there was an occupation. No doubt he considered this a most honorable and virtuous work. His face lit up; his eyes sparkled. Very indignant, I replied I didn't wish to become a hypocritical stuffed-shirt, with or without a Ph.D.

By this time we were both disgusted. Nothing appealed to me. Suddenly the bright light dawned! Why hadn't I thought of this possibility before? Of course. It was just the thing. It didn't require an elaborate education; yet there was big money in it, I heard. My friends claimed that it was indispensable, that it was one of the most adventurous and exciting jobs known to man. Dad sensed my enthusiasm and asked what I was considering. Just then, Mom entered with a letter for me.

That was three months ago. At present I am no longer worried about the future. That letter decided everything. What did it say? Well, it started with "Greetings," and ended the conversation.

M. G. KOLOVSON, '44



An Unforgettable Character

The sun glistened on the azure water of the lake; and all the younger boys, including me, were lined up, waiting for the signal to go in. Finally, the whistle blew, and the boys went splashing in. We were fooling in the water for about twenty minutes, when a strong voice shouted, "Line up for kicking practice." I looked up; and there, standing right above me, was a young man about six foot one, with blonde hair, blue eyes, and flashing white teeth. His name was "Johnnie" King, otherwise known as "Beady." Soon he and I were friends.

I spent three happy seasons at camp with "Beady"; and then, one day he left us. It was a long time before I heard from him again. One afternoon, however, he appeared at camp, resplendent in a United States Marine uniform. He had made rapid progress and was now a commissioned officer in the Air Corps. He did not stay long because soon he was to leave for overseas, although at the time neither he nor I knew it.

Many weeks passed, and I received no word from "Beady." I began to wonder if I should ever hear from him again. Then, one night, while reading the book "Guadalcanal Diary," I came across a passage describing a hero. It said, "He is six foot one, with blonde hair, blue eyes, and flashing white teeth." I said to myself, "Could it be —." At the end of the chapter the hero's name was given as Lt. John H. King. He was the first to shoot down Jap Zeros off the island. Overjoyed, I ran into the kitchen to show my family, for they knew "Beady." They were speechless.

One morning, when getting my papers for delivery, I opened a *Globe*, and there was the picture of Lieut. King, home from Guadalcanal on leave. But again he didn't stay long because he wanted to see action as soon as possible. I don't know where he is now; but wherever he is, I'm hoping that he is safe and sound and that some day he will come back home to stay.

DWIGHT L. ALLISON, '47

PHILATELISTS ARE THE FUNNIEST PEOPLE

In this wonderful country live above one hundred thirty million people. Approximately ten million of these are even more wonderful than the rest, because they collect stamps. The President, high officials, ordinary citizens, and nonentities stick to their collecting and often spend entirely too much money. The larger the collection grows, the larger grows the "want-list," with the inevitable result that these ten million become obsessed with a burning desire to obtain more and more and *more* little bits of colored postal paper.

Many fanatics go to extremes. In a cheap hotel room in New York, a few years ago, a man was found dead from

starvation. Beside him lay a stamp-album worth several thousand dollars. . . . The late Colonel Green, who had more than an ample supply of money, amassed an enormous collection, which is now being sold. The total realized will probably be in excess of two million dollars. This worthy gentleman would drive to New York's Nassau Street, the heart of the philatelic world, and carefully spend a few thousand dollars on anything that looked good. If there was one good stamp in a book that contained inferior material, he would buy the entire collection. New items were sent to one of his other houses; and sometimes he never bothered to look at a new

album after it had been purchased. . . . A wealthy manufacturer from Ohio paid thirty-eight thousand dollars for one damaged stamp, the world's rarest. At present, his wife refuses to sell it to any one. . . . Other people collect only one stamp and, after years of research, write a book about this one stamp.

Some people who have the misfortune not to be collectors are also strange, but in a heartbreaking way. A widow in Chicago recently used part of her husband's collection for postage because she couldn't be bothered with such trifles as philatelists. By far the most tragic action of non-philatelists was that of a very old law firm which was squeezed between the stamp stores of Nassau Street. Periodically, the dealers used to go to the law offices and plead desperately for the hoard of old correspondence and documents that had been stored away in all available places. No amount of persuasion or money could induce the firm to part with its past. When house-cleaning time finally arrived, this goldmine was burned, while the stamp-dealers mournfully watched the smoke eddy forth as they washed their store-windows with bucketfuls of fresh tears. Apparently, there is an urge of some sort that prompts people to cremate stamps that might have considerable value.

When a person makes the plunge into the realm of philately, he usually goes through clearly defined stages, as in a disease. In the beginning, he collects everything and anything he can get his hands on. Following this stage, comes a desire to specialize; but the victim usually can't decide what field it is to be. He now refuses to touch a stamp with his fingers and constantly carries with him a pair of tongs. After discarding much of his original collection as trash, the decision on specialization comes suddenly; and the patient is now completely

overwhelmed by his new ambition. The decision to collect only one variety of stamp occurs in rare cases. A horrible condition then sets in, forcing the patient to rush about in an attempt to secure dozens of copies of this particular stamp so that he may scrutinize it carefully and possibly discover that a microscopic line is missing. Complications sometimes develop as a result of sideline collections. Common ones are stamps postmarked on the day of issue, cancellations from ships in the Navy, and items from numerous towns with strange names. When the condition becomes chronic, the patient searches through dealers' stocks for stamps that should bring higher prices. Outbursts of joy come after purchasing for two cents an item that should have brought ten.

Strange as it may seem, philatelists are extremely happy. Often they are courting some sweet-young-thing by having her assist in the soaking of stamps to remove them from the paper. Sometimes they build houses with scores of closets for stamps. Occasionally they divorce foolish wives who consider food, clothing, and shelter more important than the king of hobbies.

H. PINSKER, '46



THE TIN MAN

An evil glint lit his eyes as he crept silently forward, picking his way carefully. Finally, he arrived at a door and, with an experienced hand, picked the lock. Success! The latch fell and the door opened. Calmly he entered the house, and continued. He climbed a flight of stairs, and then remained motionless. Hurriedly, he glanced about; and seeing that all was quiet, he shoved his hand into a coat and drew forth a knife.

Irregular snores pierced the inky blackness. He felt his way cautiously and at last arrived at a door. Slowly he turned the knob; opening the door, he glanced about. The object of his search was lying in his bed, oblivious of his presence. Now all the hate he had stored up flared up. Slowly he edged forward. The knife reflected the moonlight.

Suddenly, the victim opened his eyes. Startled, he reached for a light, but was stopped short by the voice of the mysterious figure: "Stop, Judge," it snarled. "I'm Robert Keith."

The Judge recognized him at once as the man he had committed to the Brookton Insane Asylum.

"Judge, I've come here to kill you," he continued.

The Judge rose to a sitting position.

A moment of silence ensued. "Robert Keith, you don't want another murder on your conscience, do you?"

Robert Keith laughed with the hysterical laughter that one knows can come only from a madman. . . . Another murder! Heh! Seven years ago he had killed his wife; and within a year Judge White and a jury of twelve men had convicted him of murder. However, believing him insane, they committed him to a State hospital. How well he remembered that day when he vowed vengeance on the Judge and the twelve jurors. And now here was the Judge asking him whether or not he wished to commit murder.

"You old fool, what's another murder to me after waiting seven years for this moment of revenge?"

He raised his knife. The Judge cringed, and as the maniac's knife came towards him, the Judge

"Will the Judge find a solution to this case? Is Robert Keith to be returned to the asylum, or will he kill the Judge and remain at large? Tune in tomorrow at this same time. . . . Good-night, children. . . . Happy Dreams. . . ."

MARTIN MONDLICK, '44

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222

Finn's Kins

1.

A grape goes flying across the room,
Goldberg starts sweeping it,
with a broom,
Pappas and Friedman, and Parziale
too,
Make up a part of Mr. Finn's blues.

2.

Rosengard's always getting a mark,
While Morlock is
one of those Latin sharks
Siever's hair is always like silk:
And McGillicuddy is
always getting the milk.

3.

Mr. Cannell, he is our hero,
For yelling, flunking and givin' a zero.
Mr. Wenners, ah, he's one of the best,
For giving a beautiful Latin test.

4.

Mr. French is our history master,
Alas, we have to work all the faster.
When report cards come out
we don't have to boo.
For our English marks
will always be blue.

5.

We all love our homeroom,
through and through,
We loyal sons of 132.
But, a great many thanks,
and plenty of cheer,
For a Merry Xmas,
and a Happy New Year.

ALUMNI MEETING

On the evening of Wednesday, November 24, 1943, the Boston Latin School Alumni Association held its annual meeting at the University Club, with about two hundred fifty attending. Well represented were Latin School alumni serving in the various branches of the armed forces.

The Banquet Committee, which did an excellent job, consisted of Chairman Samuel Silverman, '11, and Mr. Lee G. Dunn, '24. An imposing array of special guests spoke briefly: Mr. Daniel J. Lyne, '06, President of the Association; Dr. John F. Fitzgerald, '84, former mayor of Boston; Mr. E. V. Hickey, '06; Fred J. Gillis, '12, Assistant Superintendent of the Boston Schools; Coach David Gavin, '33, of undefeated Melrose High; Coach Charles S. Fitzgerald, '14, our own esteemed football mentor; and Headmaster Joseph L. Powers, '96. The main speaker of the evening, however, was Major John Canavan, '30, whose vivid account of a few weeks ago of his experiences in the South Pacific will long be remembered by Latin School boys. This narrative to, which he added some interesting details, was greatly appreciated by the alumni.

The two classes which have not missed a single reunion, '04 and '07, celebrated their 40th and 37th meetings respectively. Mr. John McVey, '94, represented the 50-year class. Major Maurice J. Tobin also appeared and, although not a Latin School alumnus, was given a hearty welcome.

A special feature of the program was delivered by Attorney Harold Levin, '25, and Dr. Eli C. Romberg, '09, who performed miraculous sleight-of-hand tricks which mystified and delighted the gaping audience.

During the evening the group joined

in singing old Latin School songs. Kevin McGovern, '44, introduced the football note as he led cheers for the team. The evening was climaxed by the splendid portrayal of football highlights of '43 and other current events films.

A Merry Xmas and

A Happy New Year

To MR. O'BRIEN

From His Kids of 324

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MEMORABILIA

(Through the Years with the *Register*)

November, 1888: Not realizing how mentally mature our scholarly forefathers were, a manufacturer placed an ad in the REGISTER trying to sell darts with harmless suction tips. Were the masters worried about attempts on their lives? . . . A poll taken in the school foretold that Benjamin Harrison would win the Presidential election. With the aid of some Latin School boys who marched with twelve thousand other Bostonians in a gigantic torchlight procession, he succeeded in defeating Grover Cleveland. . . The REGISTER staff, eager for torture, recommended declamations of all types. One of the chief reasons was that the audience had no choice but to listen. They could not shut a book.

November, 1903: Education was pushed along with the aid of some French and Latin quotations followed by their English equivalents. Examples of these space-fillers are "He grinned at the zinc factory" and "He made some bricks cruise." . . . The editors were deliriously happy over the fact that they had no exchange column to pollute the clean white pages. . . . The school awarded passes for the Globe Theater to many students, who gathered enthusiastically on the proper day. They were highly entertained by a presumably fast-moving production. The title was "Captain Barrington," the story of a Revolutionary Captain.

November, 1918: Commissions were not awarded to cadets, who had nothing to boast of except that their relatives were in France. People who didn't approve of endless pacing back and forth in the Drill Hall brought forth a shiny new plan. The captains would prove their merit by taking companies into the streets, where they would maneuver

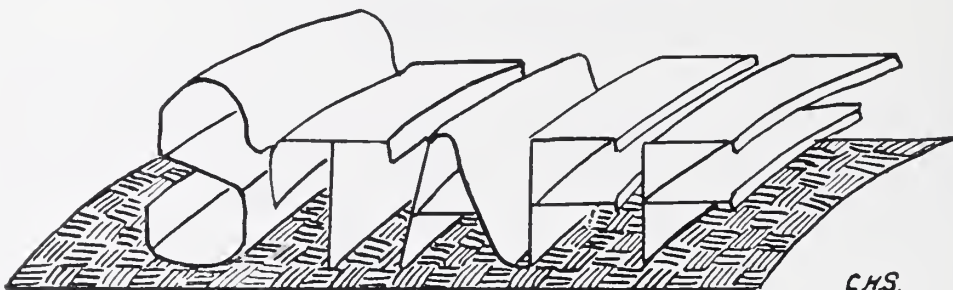
them into the advantageous positions, enabling them to annihilate the foe and capture about seventy-six inhabited places. . . . Because of the "flu" epidemic, school activities were at a standstill, causing ten per cent of the REGISTER to be devoted to corny and ancient jokes.

November, 1928: Forty years brought about a radical change in REGISTER editorials concerning declamation. The editors of fifteen years ago were extremely bored with the numerous and hackneyed declamations. For one reason or another, the ground on the side of the building near Simmons was plowed up. Many suspected water pipes, while others prophesied a tunnel. . . . To the delight of the First Class and to the disgust of the Sixth Class, approbation cards were temporarily abolished. . . In order that marks might improve, boys could be members of only one major and one minor club. . . . B.L.S. stopped supplying ushers for concerts, etc., forcing students from other schools—probably with no appreciation of the finer things in life to do the work.

November, 1933: An unidentified master laughed at a joke in the REGISTER!

November, 1938: No issue. The class of '44 was too engrossed in studies to do any writing.



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RENAISSANCE IN THE MAKING

School Committeeman Clement Norton's proposal of open forums in Boston high schools comes like a breath of fresh air to students of Latin School. Now a chance may come to express our opinions. Too long have the views of the student been ignored. Is it known what Latin School boys think of many debatable subjects which directly affect them—even in their school life? Furthermore, average high school pupils know very little of public affairs which indirectly concern him. Therefore the open forum becomes an even more important educational medium.

However, certain policies must be maintained before this undertaking can be carried out successfully:

(1) Discussion should be free and open, and no student should be penalized for opinions he has stated in the forum. (The reason for this is obvious. If this assurance is not given, pupils will keep silent their true feelings for fear of penalty.)

(2) Boys engaged in this activity must be chosen for the value of their ideas. (Therefore candidates who stress euphonious, but meaningless sentences merely for effect should not be chosen. These discussions are not to be a test of oratory; they are to be a test of ideas.)

(3) The main speakers should be selected from the students in general. (A monopoly by any one group should be avoided.)

(4) Controversial subjects should also be discussed. (If we bar subjects because they are controversial, we shall soon be discussing "Capital Punishment," "Plan E", and all the old favorites. Then one of the most valuable of the educational purposes of the activity will be lost.)

These steps will not guarantee success, but they are an advance in the right direction. Democracy has been seriously menaced by a powerful force—fascism. This force can never be destroyed if the young students of America continue to weaken the structure of democracy by their lack of interest in the political, social, and economic currents of their country. The open forum could be a renaissance in the making—a renaissance of democratic thought.

ROBERT STEPANOVITCH, '44



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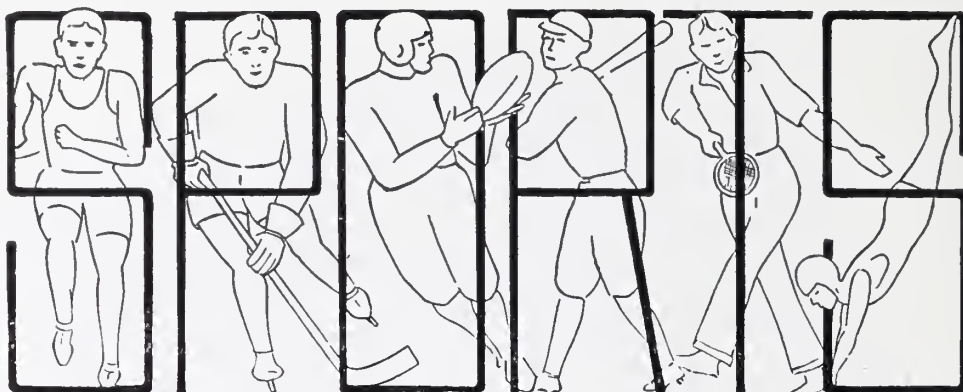




ED FROM THE BOSTON HERALD

October 7, 1943





B.L.S. - 12; St. Mark's - 7

Saturday, Nov. 6: After a hard-fought first period, in which neither team could score, St. Mark's broke the ice late in the second quarter on a fluke play. A long pass was deflected by "Billy" Gallagher, was juggled by the St. Mark's right half-back, and finally was enclosed in the long arms of the right end, who sprinted for the touchdown. The extra point was perfect, and St. Mark's led 7-0 at the half.

"Wally" Harwood lugged the second-half kickoff deep into the St. Mark's section of the gridiron. This scoring bid was thwarted when an alert enemy back intercepted a Latin aerial. However, the gallant Latin team would not be denied victory. Shortly before the closing minutes of the third period the Latin forward wall smothered a St. Mark's end sweep, and Donovan recovered the fumble

on the opposing 25. Harwood culminated a series of smashing line plunges with a final seven-yard spurt off-tackle. Latin was behind, 7-6.

The second and last Latin tally came immediately after the first score. The kickoff, a cleverly executed boot by Capt. "Bob" Brown, was fumbled by a St. Mark's back and recovered by "Marie" Donovan. Harwood pitched a pass to the same Donovan, and the ball now rested on the opposing twenty. "Red" Dacey churned his way off guard the two. An offside penalty moved the pigskin back to the seven, where Harwood carried over. Harwood was given the dubious distinction of trying the extra point. His attempt was no good. The game ended soon after with the Purple and White on the long end of a 12-7 count.

B.L.S. - 36; Memorial - 0

Fri., Nov. 12: The Latin juggernaut, capitalizing on numerous scoring opportunities presented them by a sub-par Memorial eleven, swept to a decisive 36-0 triumph today. After demoralizing their opponents with a thirty-point splurge in the first half, the boys from Ave. Louis Pasteur eased the pressure in the latter part of the contest and took the trouble to chalk up only one more tally, bringing their total to six for the

afternoon. Our astounding and alarming record for missing extra points was kept intact today, as six times we tried, and six times we failed.

After a poor Memorial punt had slithered out of bounds on their own thirty-yard line, just eight plays were needed to put Latin ahead, 6-0. The drive was culminated when Walter Harwood plunged five yards through center for the score. Capt. "Bob" Brown failed

to convert. Soon after the ensuing kick-off, a Memorial punt was partially blocked; and when the smoke of battle had lifted, "Red" Dacey was in possession on the eighteen-yard stripe. Gallagher sped around end behind beautiful interference and was finally brought to earth on the ten. Harwood, on a nicely executed fake reverse, rumbled off tackle for the touchdown. "Bob" Brown tried to run the point, but he was smothered far behind scrimmage by a host of Memorialites. The Purple and White team was out ahead 12-0.

The third score was a direct result of the trusty right arm of "Wally" Harwood and the speedy limb of "Bill" Gallagher. The drive had its beginning on the Memorial forty-three. A Harwood-to-Donovan aerial carried the oval fifteen yards further. Two line-plunges gained eight more yards, and the pigskin now rested on the twenty. A Harwood-to-Gallagher pass ended in pay dirt. Dacey fumbled the try for extra point, and Latin now led 18-0. *Latin kicked off—Memorial fumbled—Gallagher recovered.* It was as easy as that. The ball was Latin's on the thirty-four. Dacey carried for thirteen to the twenty-one. A Harwood-to-Dacey pass gained ten more, and "Pete" Garvin crashed through a gaping hole in the Memorial forward wall. Latin led by four touchdowns. Walter Harwood's conversion attempt was blocked. Score: Latin-24; Memorial-0.

It was Sumner Darman's honor to set off the fifth score when he recovered a fumble on his opponents' thirty-seven. The combination of Bronstein's running and McMorrow's superb hurling proved to be too much for the Memorial men, and Bronstein ultimately tallied from the two-yard mark. A poor pass from center nullified any hopes that Latin had for a successful extra point, and the half ended with Latin on the long end of a

30-0 count.

The second half found Latin scoring only once. It was a twenty-five-yard pass from McMorrow to Tessier that did the trick and put Latin six touchdowns to the fore. The extra point, surprisingly enough, was no good; and the final score of the clash was B.L.S. 36, Memorial 0.

The lineup:

l.c.—Shields, Regan, A. O'Connor, Scanlon

l.t.—Brown, Shields, Del Bianco, Levy

l.g.—Murphy, Amsie, Goode

c.—Hogan, J. O'Connor

r.g.—Kolovson, Sternburg, Nelson, E. O'Neill

r.t.—O'Neil, Field, Hunter

r.e.—Donovan, O'Malley, Parsons

q.b.—Gallagher, Darman, Rodman

l.h.b.—Garvin, Tessier, Collins

r.h.b.—Dacey, Bronstein, McNulty

f.b.—Harwood, McMorrow, Hamilton

Drops from the Showers

It is interesting to compare the total number of touchdowns scored to the total number of extra points that have been made by the Latin team thus far this season.

<i>Opponent</i>	<i>Tds.</i>	<i>Ex. Pts.</i>
Trade	2	0
Brighton	5	2
Dorchester	3	0
St. Marks	2	0
Memorial	6	0
—	—	—
18	2	

Let us all offer silent prayer to 'di immortales' that a remedy can be found for this evil before it is too late. It would be a shame to spoil an undefeated season by dint of a missed point after touchdown. . . . The slippery-fingered Memorialites made a grand total of five fumbles during the contest, four of which found their way to welcome Latin arms. . . . McMorrow, sparkplug of the second string backfield, completed a total of

seven passes in nine attempts for a yard-age total of seventy-eight. Not bad.... The only one to penetrate deep into Latin territory was a little dog that scampered behind Safety Man Bronstein late in the third quarter.

Poetry Department

Somewhere there is sunshine,
And somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy at Memorial,
Mighty Latin has won out.

B.L.S.-26; B.C. High-0

Friday, November 20: The highly touted B.C.H. "T" formation was stopped cold today as Latin's undefeated and untied team swept to a startling 26-0 victory. Highlight of the afternoon's proceedings was the unbelievable fact that the Latinites managed to kick successfully a grand total of two extra points. The honors in that department were divided between Capt. "B" Brown and McMorrow, commander of the "Latin Luftwaffe".

Speedy "Bill" Gallagher started the debacle by lugging the opening kickoff to his own 43-yard line, behind some of the finest blocking seen thus far this season. After Dacey had been stopped cold on the game's first play from scrimmage, Garvin kicked to the Bee Cee twenty-four. A subsequent exchange of punts put Latin on the enemy forty-nine, and touched off the spark for the first scoring thrust. A short pass from Harwood to Gallagher moved the ball down to the forty. Harwood, on a thrilling seventeen-yard spurt, carried the pigskin to the twenty-three. He threw to Donovan for eight, and then calmly proceeded on an eleven-yard jaunt to the four-yard stripe. Dacey scored in two plays. Bob Brown's conversion attempt was blocked, and the Purple led, 6-0.

The second B.L.S. scoring drive began on their own thirty-eight yard marker. It was here that Fred Sternburg, our left guard, had recovered a B.C.H. fumble. With Harwood's running and passing to spark them, the Latin boys tallied in eight plays. Harwood's try for the extra point was no good, and we

led 12-0. The half ended soon after.

"Shanty" Hogan blocked a B.C.H. punt midway in the third period, and Bill Shields recovered the loose ball on the opposing twenty. Gallagher hit the line for four yards. A pass from Harwood to Dacey gained fifteen more, and the oval rested on the one-foot line. After Garvin and Gallagher had both been stopped at scrimmage, Harwood crashed over for the touchdown. The stands shook from the cheering when "Bob" Brown kicked the extra point. Latin led by nineteen points.

The fourth touchdown was racked up by our illustrious second team. Sumner Darman pounced on a Bee Cee fumble on the enemy twenty-three. After three plays had gained the grand total of one yard, McMorrow heaved a bullet pass to "Marie" Donovan, who shook off three tacklers and was finally brought down on the two-yard line. After two plunges had lost three yards; "Fran" Collins bucked across for the tally. Strange as it may seem, McMorrow kicked the extra point.

l.e.—Donovan, Hamilton, Scanlon, Kenney, O'Malley

l.t.—Brown, Fields, Mueller

l.g.—Sternsberg, McLaughlin

c.—Hogan, O'Neill

r.g.—Kolovson, Amsie, Nelson, Goode

r.t.—Hunter, Del Bianco, Levy

r.e.—Shields, McNulty, O'Connor, Rodman, Parsons

q.b.—Harwood, Bronstein, Tessier

l.h.b.—Gallagher, Darman

r.h.b.—Dacey, Collins

f.b.—Garvin, McMorrow

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Let us offer our sincere condolences to John Regan, who will not be able to play in the English game because of a broken hand. He is a fine football player and a credit to his team. He played hard and cleanly to win. When the English game comes, you can be certain that John will be there cheering his team on to victory. . . . Hear Ye! Hear Ye! All ye illustrious Math geniuses are urged to attend the Latin-English game on Thanksgiving morning. Reason—the eternal question

of "What happens when the irresistible force meets the immovable object" will be answered in the person of Giles Powell, English High's star halfback, and the B.L.S. line. This clash should prove very interesting as a sidelight. . . . The "Latin Luftwaffe", led by bombardiers "Wally" Harwood and Mc-Morrow, have compiled an amazing record thus far this season. This air arm, coupled with our powerful running attack, should prove very troublesome to the English boys. . . . The more troublesome, the better.

Latin - 0; English - 0

Thanksgiving: Upwards of 20,000 old grads and alumni were today privileged to see one of the best football games ever played between these two arch-rivals. The 1943 editions of Boston Latin and English High fought to a scoreless standstill on a sea of mud, popularly known as National League Field. The supporters of both teams went home to their Thanksgiving dinners with the satisfying thought that they had seen a truly great game, a game never to be forgotten in the annals of this historic series. Latin was led by Co-Captains "Bob" Brown and "Bill" Gallagher, while English was in the capable hands of Capt. Kelly. Both teams entered the game undefeated and untied, with English the favorite by virtue of their unscored-upon slate.

English kicked off; and Co-Capt. "Bill" Gallagher ran the pigskin back to the Latin twenty-seven, where he was ground into the mud by the Blue and Blue horde. True to policy, Latin kicked, and Garvin's boot was offside on the English forty-two. Since two plays netted them only six yards, English kicked to the B.L.S. eighteen. "Bill" Gallagher electrified the crowd by carry-

ing eleven yards around his own end to the twenty-nine and a first down. Harwood got nine yards off tackle, and Dacey plunged through center for a first down. After two fruitless Latin line plunges, Garvin kicked to the E. H. S. thirty-one. Giles Powell took over and reeled off a first down in two plays. The Latin line stiffened, and the subsequent English kick was offside on Latin's thirty-three. Harwood and Dacey combined for a first down to the forty-eight. Two incomplete passes forced Latin to kick, and Garvin's punt was downed on the English thirty. After an exchange of kicks had put E.H.S. on the Purple and White forty-eight, Giles Powell ran wide around his own left end to the thirty. At this point the first period ended. The highlight of this quarter from the Latin point of view was the exceptional running of Walter Harwood, a truly great back all morning.

Neither team could open up its bag of tricks on the muddy turf, and the straight power football exhibited in the second period got nowhere, since both lines rose to great heights when the occasion demanded. The only break of the period came in the waning minutes

when Garvin got away a beautiful kick, that was downed on the English four-yard line. Giles Powell, English High's star halfback, proved his right to all-scholastic honors by carrying the ball twenty-six yards in two smashing plays, thereby putting English out of danger. The first half ended soon afterwards.

The two teams returned to the quagmire after the half-time intermission, and play was immediately resumed. "Bob" Brown kicked off to the English forty-one. On the first play from scrimmage, "Bill" Gallagher broke through from his backer-up position to nail the English ball carrier for a seven-yard loss. The English punt was partially blocked, and Latin recovered on their own forty-one.—The crowd was roaring for a touchdown drive.—Two plays gained only two yards, and Garvin's kick went to the English thirty-six. Powell sped off his tackle and broke through the tired but fighting Latin line for eleven yards. After several more attempts had brought the ball down to the B.L.S. thirty-eight, the Purple and White line rose as one and completely stopped the English drive. The dog-tired Latin backs could get nowhere and Garvin's kick was offside on the Blue and Blue forty-nine. The B.L.S. forwards, inspired by the cheering multitude, once more stood in its tracks and threw back the English hordes. At this stage in the proceedings, "Shanty" Hogan, who, along with "Bill" Gallagher, had played inspired football backing up the line, broke through the English frontier, shed the Blue and Blue blockers like water, and hurled himself through the air in time to smother the English punt. It was Latin's pigskin on the opposing forty-eight. After failing to penetrate the English line, Garvin kicked to the twenty-two. The third period was history.

It was Powell, Powell, Powell, and in less time than it takes to tell the ball

had been advanced to Latin's thirty-eight. Once again it was the Purple line that was the stumbling block to English quest for glory. Or to quote the eminent Winston Churchill: "Never has so much been owed by so many to so few." After several punt exchanges, the English High boys found themselves camped on Latin's thirty-seven with only about two minutes left to play. The first aerial was ruled complete on the seventeen because of interference by over-anxious safety man Garvin. The stands were tense as Powell faded for another pass. The ball sped through the air and landed smack in the open arms of an English end, who was instantaneously tackled by Garvin inches short of a score. Mr. Garvin had more than redeemed himself. The game was officially over. However, another opportunity was presented to the Blue and Blue, by virtue of a Latin offside. The desperation pass was battered to the ground, and the game was over.—Latin-0; English-0.

The lineup:

l.e.—Shields, Scanlon, A. O'Connor
l.t.—J. O'Neil, DelBianco, Levy
l.g.—Murphy, Sternberg, Goode
c.—Hogan, J. O'Connor, Vodke, McLaughlin
r.g.—Kolovson, Amsie, Nelson
r.t.—Brown (Co-Capt.), E. O'Neill, Hunter
r.e.—Donovan, O'Malley, Rodman, Parsons
q.b.—Gallagher, (Co-Capt.) McNulty, Hamilton.
l.h.b.—Dacey, Tessier, Bronstein
r.h.b.—Harwood, McMorro, Collins
f.b.—Garvin, Darman

Drops from the Showers

To say that this was a never-to-be-forgotten game is a gross understatement. It was a battle of titans, a clash of wills—it was the oft-quoted struggle between "the irresistible force and the immovable object"—it was more than a

mere game, it was an epic struggle fought under the most adverse conditions. The Allied forces in Italy have encountered something like the sea of mud that was the center of the playing field. Yet, despite these handicaps, both teams fought to the bitter end, gave no quarter, and asked for none. They were a credit to their school and covered themselves with glory. . . .

. . . In his pre-game talks, Coach Fitzgerald stated that, win or lose, he would be justly proud of his boys. . .

. . . The Number One spot on my list of achievements goes unquestionably to the Latin line. The boys ceaselessly stemmed the Blue drives before they could get underway. Mud-covered and dog-tired as they were, they always managed to summon that supreme effort when the situation looked blackest. . . .

. . . The best Latin back on the field today, and pound for pound one of the finest ball-carriers these eyes have ever seen was "Wally" Harwood. Whenever a few extra yards were needed for that important first down, it was Harwood

that managed to get them. For the first two periods, Walter was undoubtedly the best back on the field. He plunged and ran the English forward wall ragged, but was finally forced to retire because of the merciless pounding he received every time he carried. After his return late in the game, the inspired Latinites momentarily returned to early form, but the beating Harwood had taken rendered him much less useful than he had been. Hats off to a great back and a fighting football player. . . .

. . . Lest we forget, it was "Pete" Garvin whose vicious tackle saved the game for us. It required split-second thinking to nail the end in the right way, and "Pete" was certainly all there in that respect. . . .

. . . Co-Capt "Bob" Brown and "Bill" Gallagher played extremely well and were credits to their team and coach in every respect. . . .

. . . Well, it's good-bye now until the next football season. Let us all hope it will be as successful as this season was.

DUKE ROSEN, '44

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THE RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



October 13: After a vacation of one day your R.R.R. was ready to return to his drowsy periods. No tests are supposed to be given; but . . .

October 14: Football game between Latin and Brighton. First and sixth periods were interchanged. Mr. Shea brooded half the period because he lost one of his precious chemistry periods.

October 15: Assembly of Class V and VI for the first Public Declamation. Class VI lived through its first experience of listening to the speeches of great men we know only too well.

October 18: Class I met today in the Hall. A-12 and V-12 tests were discussed by Mr. Dunn. . . . Senior pictures for the Summary Record cards were taken today. The only props lacking were stripes and numbers.

October 19: Two-cent milk is to be distributed in the school. It is rumored that we shall need birth certificates to prove that we are alive and may drink the rare fluid.

October 21: In Room 319 a very important experiment has been conducted. Notre professeur de la physique, after

much meditation and close observation, has concluded that P. B. Gold does not sleep as soundly in class as he does in bed.

October 22: On the first floor sounds of thunder and cracks in the walls and ceiling are becoming more apparent every day, especially under 226.

October 25-29: Ye R.R.R. brought home his books and quietly hid them. Then he went into hibernation for a week.

November 1: Books were dusted off. We resumed our old custom of listening to milk communiqués. Thirty-two days until "Frankie the Swooner" comes to town.

November 2: We missed part of the first period today so that we might learn the intricate forms to fill out in order to pay two cents for one bottle of milk.

November 3: The combined REGISTER business and circulation staffs met in 117. New members were instructed in the gentle art of separating an unsuspecting schoolboy from his quarters.

November 4: Communiqué Number Nine (Subject: Milk) was issued this morning. It concerned former Communiqué Number Eight, which is the supplement of the third part of Number Seven. The communiqué said tersely that new rules regarding milk delivery have been made.

November 5: An epidemic of hand-shaking was started today. Cause: Class rings were delivered. So far, I have met only two seniors who haven't blisters or swollen knuckles; they are "southpaws."

November 8: School started late because Army and Navy tests were being taken by Seniors with ambitions for commissions.

November 9: Elsie the cow went dry today or something happened. As one

master would put it, efficiency has dropped below normal due to the something he said *a l'italien*.

November 10: Assembly for Classes I, II, and III. Congratulations to McGovern, Shulman, Sullivan, and Collier for their excellent work in competing for places on the coming Junior Town Meeting of the Air.

November 12: Six-minute tests are still being conducted in 319. Sometimes an extra minute is granted to check results so that mistakes not there originally may be made.

November 15: Assembly today of Classes I and II. A representative of the Army Air Corps gave us a pep talk.

November 16: In a physics classroom students were told about two pies each marked T. M.—one standing for *'tis mince* and the other for *'tisn't mince*. This had something to do with the M. A. of a set of pulleys. Oh, well; no one knew what it was all about, anyway.

November 17: Declamation competition. The same old pieces and the same old failings are still present. Oh, well, some day some new pieces will be written; and the upper classes will be startled into consciousness.

November 18: The first meeting of Le Cercle Française took place today in 301. College Board examinations to be held on December 4.

November 19: Shrieks, cries of anguish, wailing, and gnashing of teeth echoed through the upper corridors when the English book reports were returned to certain unfortunates in 303.

November 22: Communiqué Number 93 on milk issued at 6 A.M. Eastern War-time. . . . Only ten days until the greatest crooner of these times startles Bostonians.

November 23: Assemblies of all classes. Class I was addressed by a member of the Navy Air Corps.

November 24: A very quiet fifth per-

iod study was spent in 106, despite the eloquence of a few choice speakers.

November 25: Latin-English game evaporated into nothing.

November 29: The Hearst History Examinations were held. They were not as difficult as everyone expected.

November 30: Another deadline; another column. . . . Ho-hum! and so to bed.

GREETINGS FROM

O DONNELL'S
DD
RNERV
AFS

— 135 —

We are the boys of 103

On Saturdays and Sundays

We're full of glee.

This coming Christmas we'll

Be happy too,

And we extend best

Wishes to all of you

Rm. 333

WE WISH OUR
MASTERS A

Merry Christmas

AND A

Happy New Year



THE QUIZ KIDS OF

234

SEND THEIR BEST WISHES
FOR A

Merry Christmas

AND A

Happy New Year



A Merry Christmas

and

A Happy New Year

From

The Sharks of

123



★ ★ ★

The Boys of

104

SEND BEST WISHES
TO ALL

for a

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Listen to the Flunkees' cheer!
 B. L. S.! C. J. N.! 218!
 Yes! B. L. S.! C. J. N.! 218!
 Among Flunkees who know
 It won't be a *cum laude* year!

218

CHRISTMAS COMES ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH
 WITH MANY A GREETING AND A GIFT
 BUT FROM 216 ALL WE CAN SAY
 IS A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS DAY

The white snow of this Merry Christmas is sprinkled with
 the scarlet reflections of our monthly report. (The card,
 after being examined, won't be the only thing that's red.)

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM THE CARETAKER
 AND THE INMATES OF
 CELL 215

220

SIR
 SHEEHAN'S
 HARP
 STUDENTS
 ENDING
 INCERE
 ALUTATIONS

To Messieurs
 SHEEHAN
 KOZODOY
 SCULLY
 WEINERT
 O'CALLAHAN

GETCHELL'S
ENTEEL
ENIUSES
IVE
RACIOUS
REETINGS

for a
Merry Xmas

233

If 2 <s of a Δ are supplementary, then we shall be complementary, and wish you all a very

Merry Christmas

Mr. Dobbyn's

MERRY
ATH
AD CAPS



SULLIVAN'S
UPER
CHOLARS
END
INCERE
EASON'S

GREETINGS TO ALL
MASTERS

FROM ROOM

325

GLOORVICH'S
OOFY
OONS
IVE
LAD
REETINGS

211

MARSON'S
AD
OB

Sends New Year and
Christmas Greetings

To Their Masters and Friends
and to

COLOMBA!

★ ★ ★

To MR. O'KEEFE

A Merry Xmas and
A Happy New Year

From His Kids of 323

A Merry Xmas

and

A Happy New Year

FROM 133

HOPKINSON'S
ILARIOUS
ILL BILLYS
AMMER
AT FULLS

of Christmas
Greetings to
ALL FROM 107

To MR. HOBBS

A Merry Xmas and
A Happy New Year

3 0 3

Merry Christmas to

ALL OUR MASTERS

From 118

Greetings From

GODFREY'S

Gruesome

Boys

2 0 2

JOYEUX NOEL

de la part de

SALLE 301



Best Wishes for a
MERRY CHRISTMAS
and a
HAPPY NEW YEAR

From Room 210

Christmas Greetings

from

ROOM 209

to

MR. GILBERT

MERRY XMAS

to

MR. BENSON

From Room 208

From 108

Happy New Year and a

Merry Xmas to

MR. CALLANAN

A Merry Xmas and a
Happy New Year to
B. L. S.

from 122

A Merry Xmas and a

Happy New Year

FROM 124

TO ALL

CELL 115

WISHES A MERRY
CHRISTMAS TO ALL

Dedicated to all our Teachers

Oh, Christmas is Coming
I heard it was said,
But, that doesnt help our marks which are red,
So all we can say to both large and small,
Is a glaring Report Card and A Merry Christmas to all.

FROM THE BOYS OF ROOM 114

Greetin's to Messrs. **McGuffin** and **Cheetham**,
We luv 'em both, but we hope ya don' meet 'em.
To kind **Sirs Marnell, Peirce, Collins** and **Getchell**,
We send to 'em greetin's wich reely are spetchul.

Room 203

OUR MARKS ARE RED
OUR COURAGE IS TRUE
FROM THE 28 GENIUSES
OF 102

A Merry Christmas

WE ACT LIKE A BUNCH OF MORONS
BUT IT IS ALL IN FUN
WE WISH YOU ALL SOME XMAS CHEER

From Room 221

Greetings from

224

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Season's Greetings

From Room 223

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